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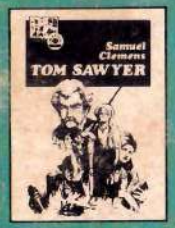

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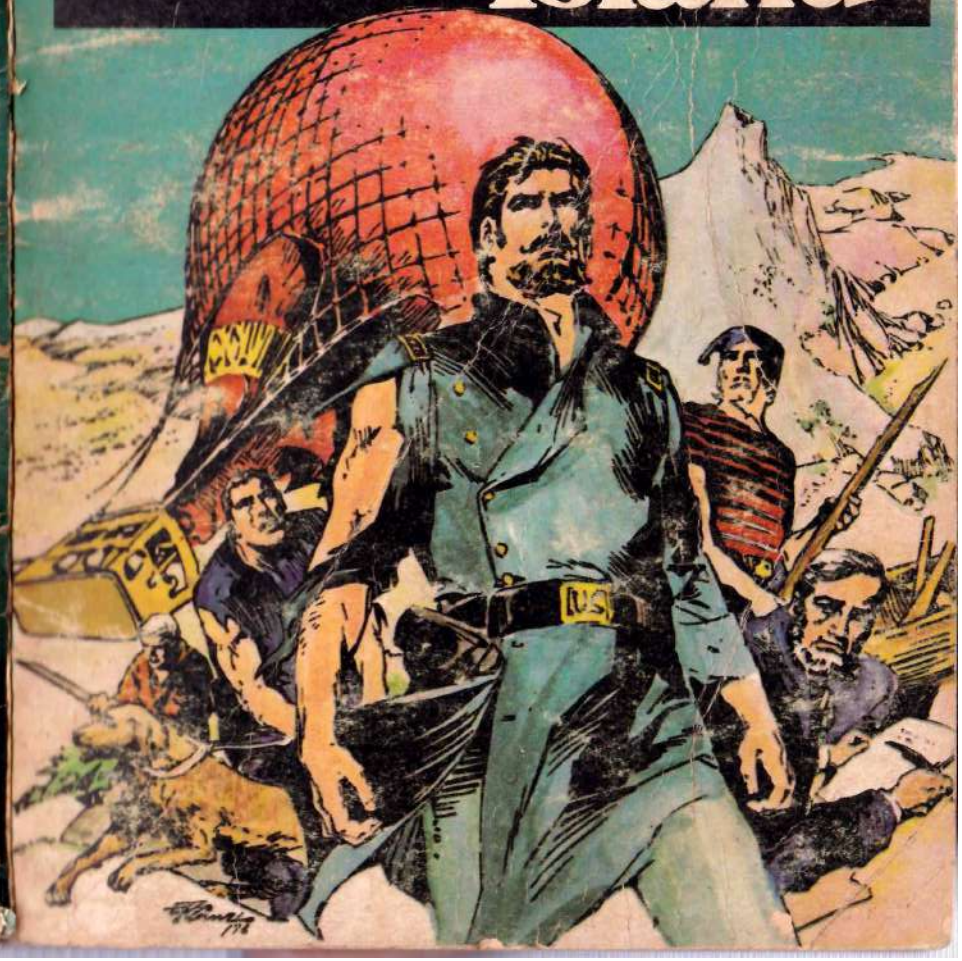
NOW AGE BOOKS

Jules Verne The Mysterious Island



The Mysterious Island

Jules Verne

ILLUSTRATED
Pendulum Press, Inc.
West Haven, Connecticut

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TO THE TEACHER

Pendulum Press is proud to offer the NOW AGE ILLUSTRATED Series to schools throughout the country. This completely new series has been prepared by the finest artists and illustrators from around the world. The script adaptations have been prepared by professional writers and revised by qualified reading consultants.

Implicit in the development of the Series are several assumptions. Within the limits of propriety, anything a child reads and/or wants to read is *per se* an educational tool. Educators have long recognized this and have clamored for materials that incorporate this premise. The sustained popularity of the illustrated format, for example, has been documented, but it has not been fully utilized for educational purposes. Out of this realization, the NOW AGE ILLUSTRATED Series evolved.

In the actual reading process, the illustrated panel encourages and supports the student's desire to read printed words. The combination of words and picture helps the student to a greater understanding of the subject; and understanding, that comes from reading, creates the desire for more reading.

The final assumption is that reading as an end in itself is self-defeating. Children are motivated to read material that satisfies their quest for knowledge and understanding of their world. In this series, they are exposed to some of the greatest stories, authors, and characters in the English language. The Series will stimulate their desire to read the original edition when their reading skills are sufficiently developed. More importantly, reading books in the NOW AGE ILLUSTRATED Series will help students establish a mental "pegboard" of information – images, names, and concepts – to which they are exposed. Let's assume, for example, that a child sees a television commercial which features Huck Finn in some way. If he has read the NOW AGE Huck Finn, the TV reference has meaning for him which gives the child a surge of satisfaction and accomplishment.

After using the NOW AGE ILLUSTRATED editions, we know that you will share our enthusiasm about the series and its concept.

—The Editors

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jules Verne was born at Nantes, France in 1828. He studied at the Nantes lycée, then left for Paris to study. In 1848, he wrote librettos for two operettas with the help of Michel Carré and a verse comedy in collaboration with Alexandre Dumas. However, for several years, his interests swayed between writing and the stock exchange.

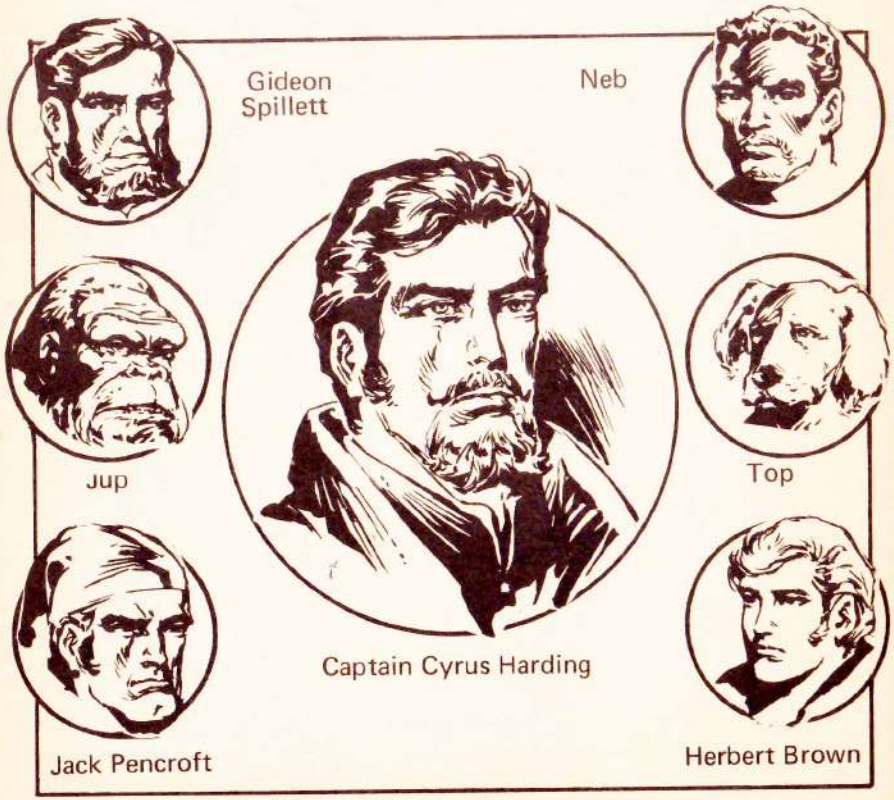
Verne wrote of voyages and adventures in which he foresaw the achievements of scientific and mechanical inventions of the future. He was a pioneer in the literary category of imaginary voyages. Two of his most successful works are *Journey to the Center of the Earth* and *The Mysterious Island.*

Jules Verne
Mysterious Island

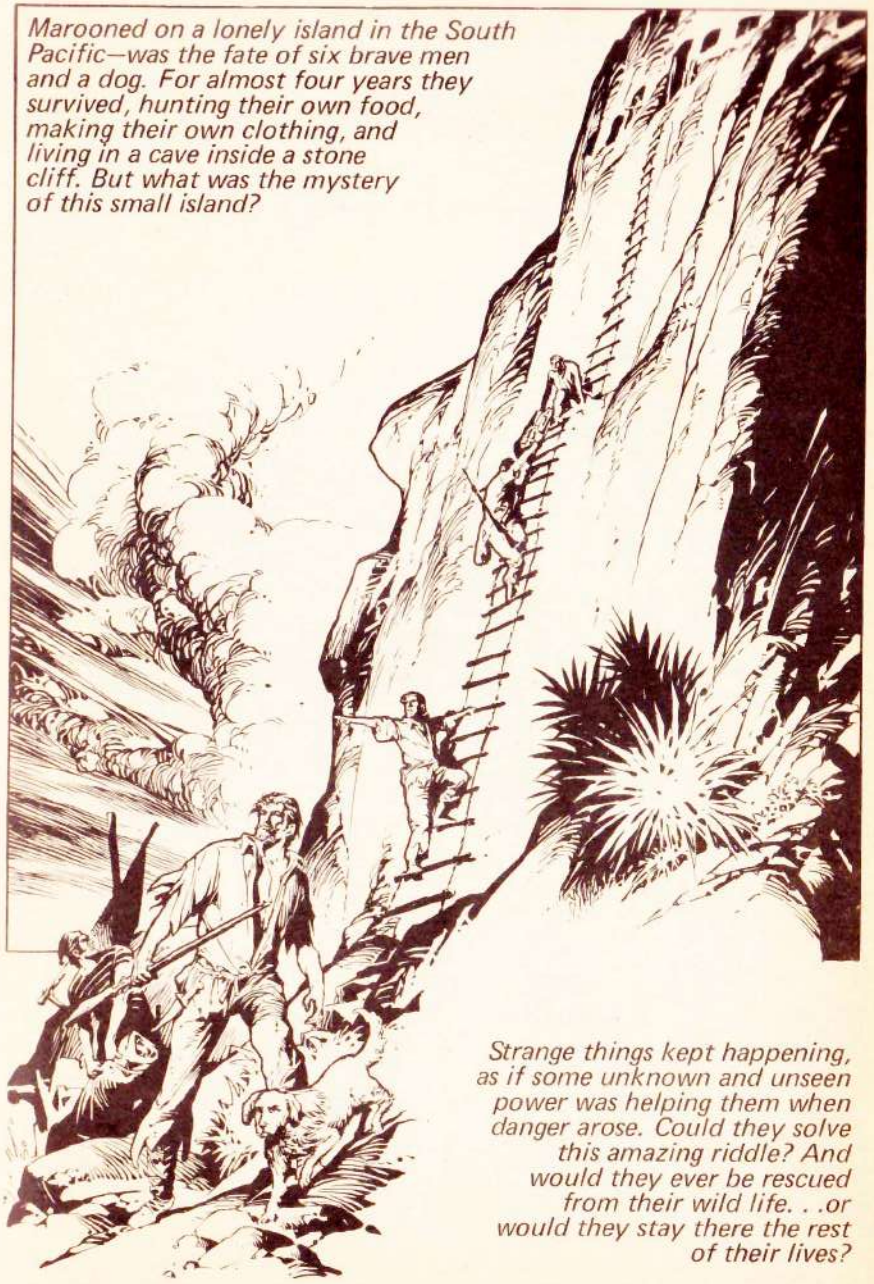
Adapted by
OTTO BINDER

Illustrated by
E.R. CRUZ

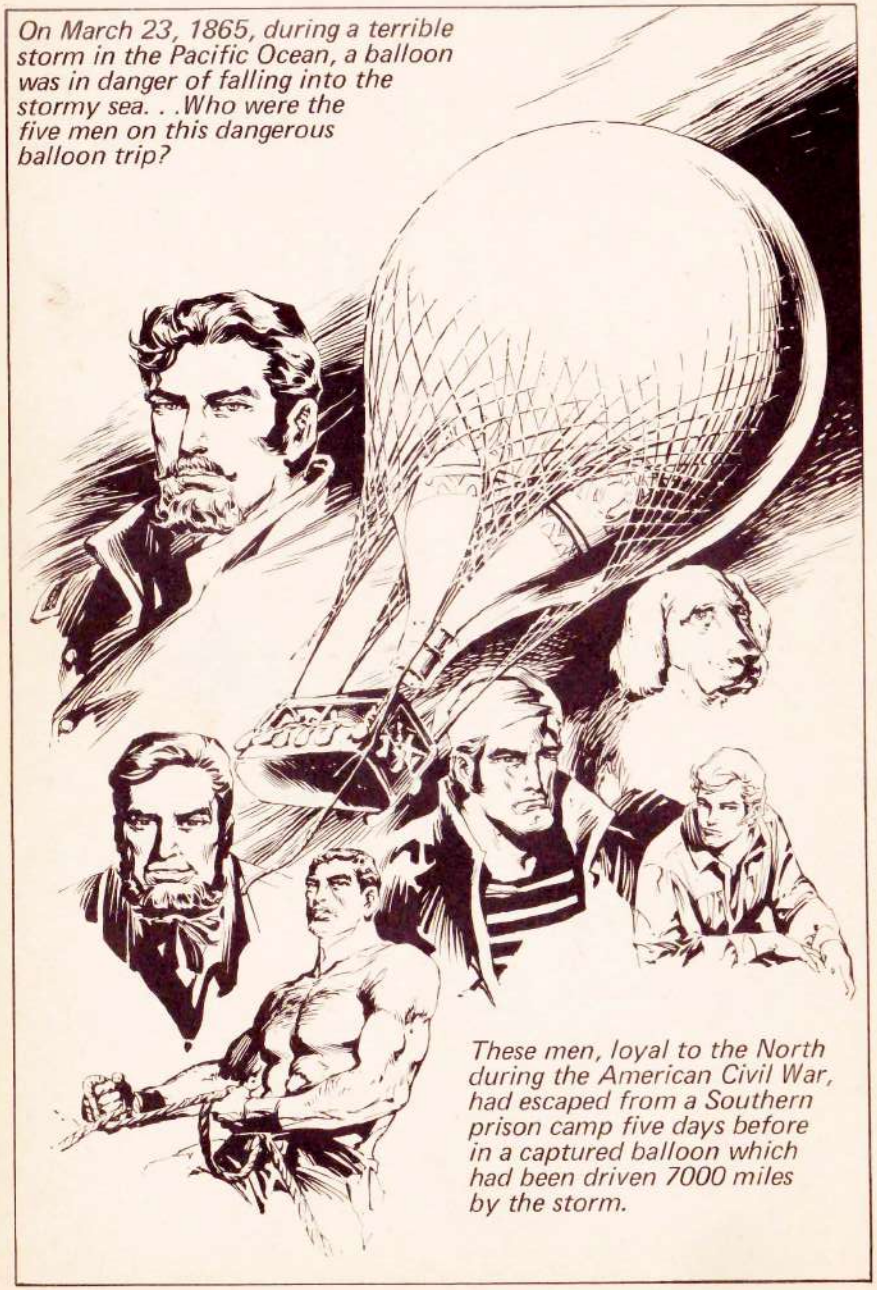
a
VINCENT FAGO
production

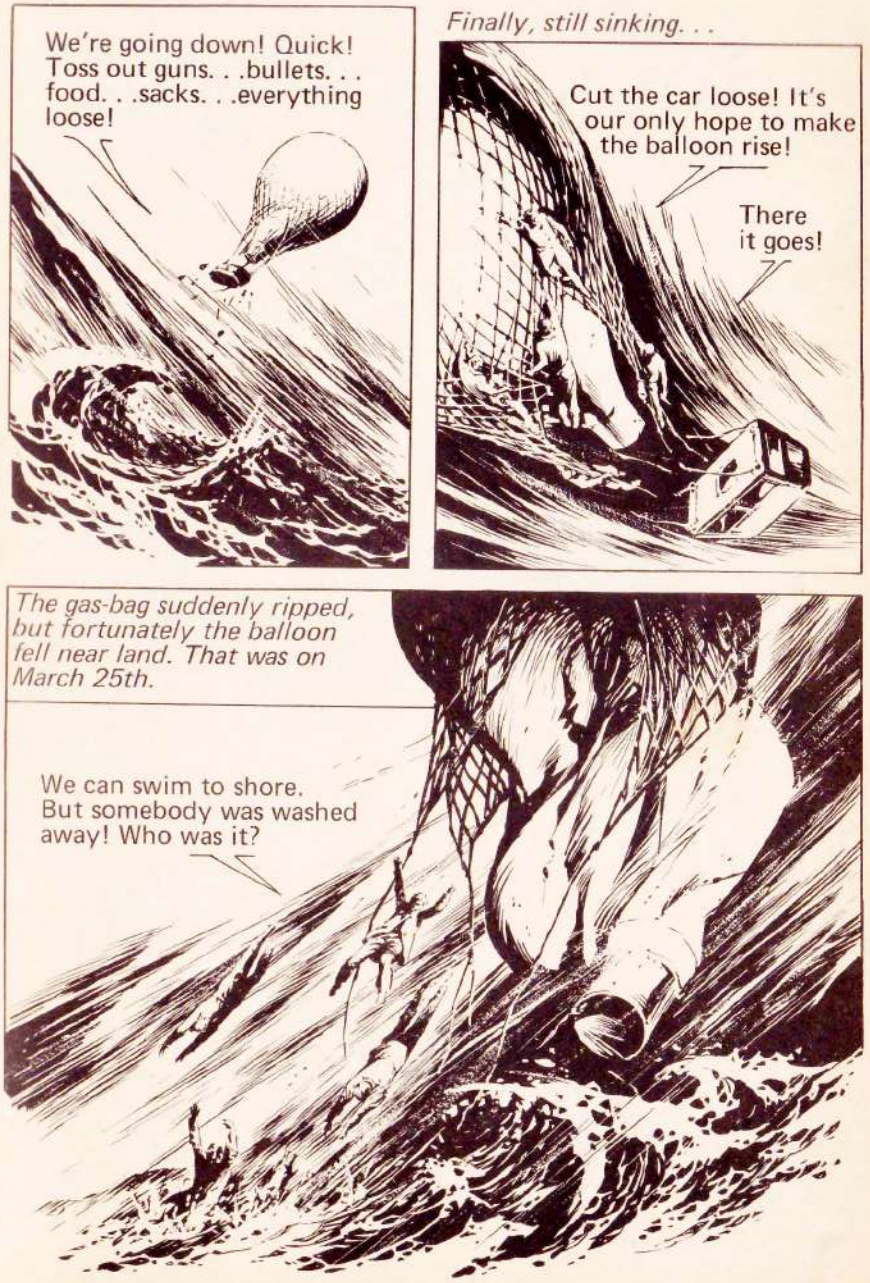


Marooned on a lonely island in the South Pacific—was the fate of six brave men and a dog. For almost four years they survived, hunting their own food, making their own clothing, and living in a cave inside a stone cliff. But what was the mystery of this small island?



Strange things kept happening, as if some unknown and unseen power was helping them when danger arose. Could they solve this amazing riddle? And would they ever be rescued from their wild life. . .or would they stay there the rest of their lives?


On March 23, 1865, during a terrible storm in the Pacific Ocean, a balloon was in danger of falling into the stormy sea. . .Who were the five men on this dangerous balloon trip?
These men, loyal to the North during the American Civil War, had escaped from a Southern prison camp five days before in a captured balloon which had been driven 7000 miles by the storm.


We're going down! Quick! Toss out guns. . .bullets. . . food. . .sacks. . .everything loose!
Finally, still sinking. . .
Cut the car loose! It's our only hope to make the balloon rise!
There it goes!
The gas-bag suddenly ripped, but fortunately the balloon fell near land. That was on March 25th.
We can swim to shore. But somebody was washed away! Who was it?

Soon after, on shore. . . .

Captain Harding is missing! And his dog.

Harding was our leader! We depended on him to help us out of all troubles!

As night fell. . . .

Hmm! That group of stars is the Southern Cross which is never seen in the northern hemisphere*. It means we are below the equator in the South Pacific!

Meanwhile, Neb had swum across a strip of water to a larger island nearby.

We looked, but Captain Harding was nowhere to be seen out in the water.

My master may have been cast up on this beach. I'll search.

The next morning, after the other three survivors crossed over to the large island. . . .

Neb didn't return yet so he didn't find Harding.

As for us, we have to find a place to stay. We may have to live here a long time.

Near the beach, after a search. . . .

Ah! A big rock pile eaten away by water and the weather. They are called "chimneys."

Look! A regular hollow cave there!

* The half of earth that is above the equator.

Later. . . .

I'll go follow Neb now. Maybe there's still a chance to find Captain Harding . . .dead or alive.

Herbert and I will search for firewood.

Then, after the sailor and his young friend followed the nearby river upstream. . . .

You made a good raft, Mr. Pencroft.

Easy as pie for a sailor, lad. We'll float a big load of firewood back to our camp.

Back at camp, a more serious problem. . . .

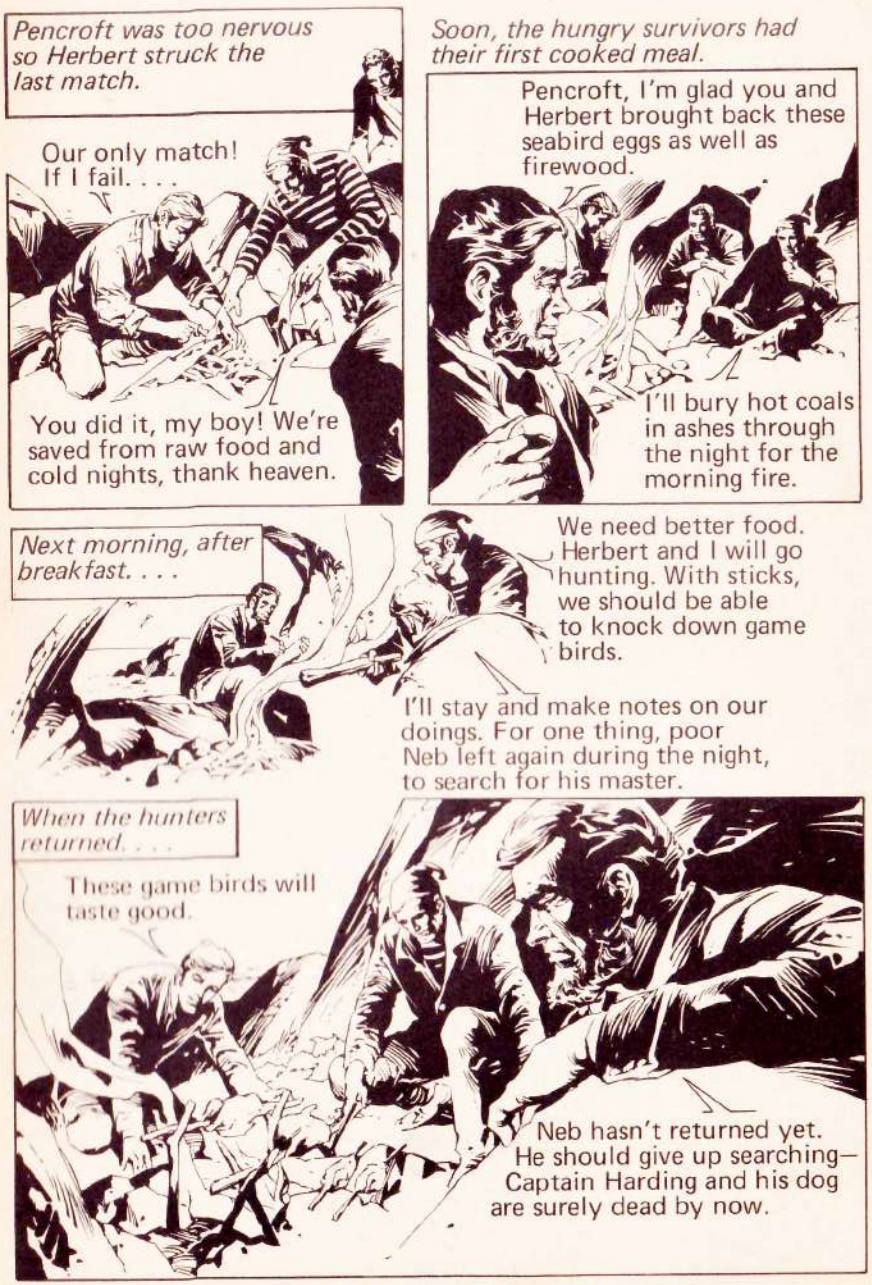
My waterproof box of matches for my pipe. . .it's gone!

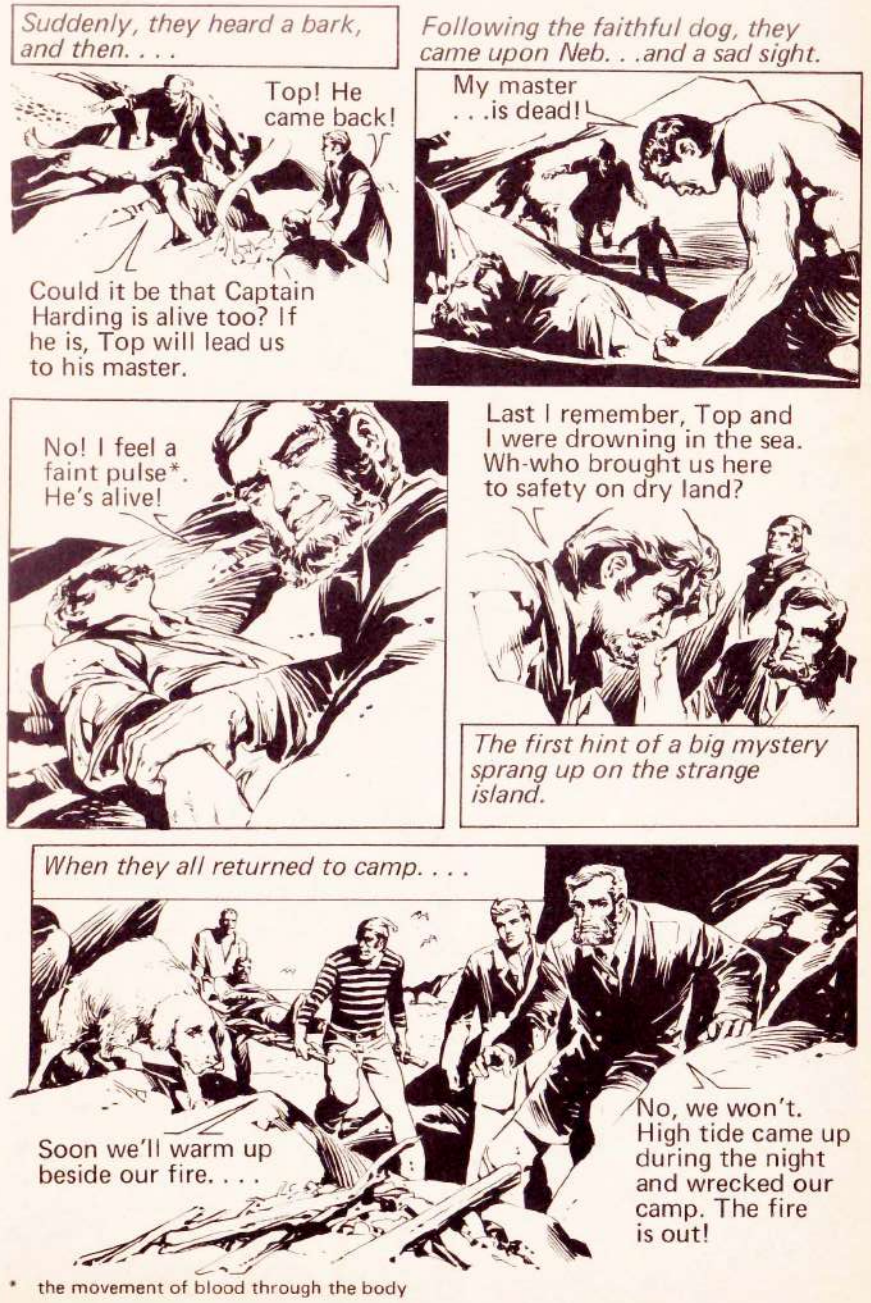
Neither Mr. Spilett nor I carry matches. If you lost yours, we can't make a fire.

Toward sundown, the reporter returned with a welcome friend. . . .

I found Neb, but he saw no sign of Captain Harding. Looks like he's lost for good. Didn't you make a fire?

I still can't find my matchbox. . . Wait! One match somehow got stuck in my lining.


Pencroft was too nervous so Herbert struck the last match.
Our only match! If I fail. . . .
You did it, my boy! We're saved from raw food and cold nights, thank heaven.
Soon, the hungry survivors had their first cooked meal.
Pencroft, I'm glad you and Herbert brought back these seabird eggs as well as firewood.
I'll bury hot coals in ashes through the night for the morning fire.
Next morning, after breakfast. . . .
We need better food. Herbert and I will go hunting. With sticks, we should be able to knock down game birds.
I'll stay and make notes on our doings. For one thing, poor Neb left again during the night, to search for his master.
When the hunters returned. . . .
These game birds will taste good.
Neb hasn't returned yet. He should give up searching— Captain Harding and his dog are surely dead by now.


Suddenly, they heard a bark, and then. . . .
Top! He came back!
Could it be that Captain Harding is alive too? If he is, Top will lead us to his master.
Following the faithful dog, they came upon Neb. . .and a sad sight.
My master . . .is dead!
No! I feel a faint pulse*. He's alive!
Last I remember, Top and I were drowning in the sea. Wh-who brought us here to safety on dry land?
The first hint of a big mystery sprang up on the strange island.
When they all returned to camp. . . .
Soon we'll warm up beside our fire. . . .
No, we won't. High tide came up during the night and wrecked our camp. The fire is out!

* the movement of blood through the body

Cold and hungry, they tried to make a new fire in old ways. . . .

Rubbing two sticks together. . .No luck.

These weak sparks from a flintstone* won't light that dry moss.

I'm much better, thanks to you men putting your coats around me, during the cold night. I will make a fire while the hunters are gone.

Fire? How can you work miracles, Captain?

At a lake, luck was with the hunters. . . .

Good boy, Top! Chase that caybara to shore. It's a wild pig and is delicious eating when roasted.

But Captain Harding must have failed to make a fire to roast it. Too bad!

A big surprise, back at camp. . . .

A fire! How in the world did you make it, Captain Harding?

Simple, Pencroft.

Spilett and I had watches. I used the two curving glass crystals to make a lens, which forms a strong beam of sunshine that is hot enough to set fire to dried moss.

* a hard stone used for starting fire

The others knew now what great thinking powers Captain Harding had and how they could depend on him to survive the hard days ahead.

Roast pig . . .thanks to your genius, Captain!

Knowing science allows you to win over nature in many ways.

The next thing is to find out if we are on an island or not. Tomorrow we will climb the highest hill and see.

Next day. . . .

This mountain was formed by the flow of hot lava from a volcano. Luckily, it's dead.

I hope this land is connected to some kind of mainland.

But at the top. . . .

The sea is all around us!

Then we're on an island where nobody else lives. And ships may never pass this way. We're marooned!

Captain Harding made a rough sketch. . . .

This island is about ten miles wide and thirty miles long. The shoreline is rocky. Let's name all the bays, rivers, lakes and such for our own use.

The excited men agreed. . . .

Franklin Mountain for what we stand on. Also Union Bay and Washington Bay in honor of our country.

Mercy River. It gave us firewood.

And the whole place Lincoln Island, for the great President back home!

Back at camp. . . .

I collected these minerals on the way. . .iron ore, limestone, coal lumps. Last, clay, which we'll use tomorrow.

At daybreak, after bringing a load of dry clay. . . .

Clay bricks! Useful for many things.

Hot fire will dry and harden the clay bricks in forty-eight hours.

Later. . . .

There! Now to make pottery and harden it in that kiln*.

Finally. . . .

Now we have all kinds of pottery. With your scientific know-how, Captain Harding, we'll soon live comfortably.

* an oven used to harden clay

That night, Harding undertook another important job. . . .

Midnight now, Captain!
According to the stars our latitude* is about 37 degrees south. Later, when I find out longitude*, we'll know exactly where this island is.

Our Abraham Lincoln Island is in an empty stretch of ocean, 1800 miles from New Zealand and 5000 miles from South America. The middle of nowhere!

Next day at noon. . . .

Five o'clock, Captain.
Your watch is set for American time back home. Knowing the city of Washington's longitude, I can simply subtract certain numbers and it comes out about 153 degrees west longitude.

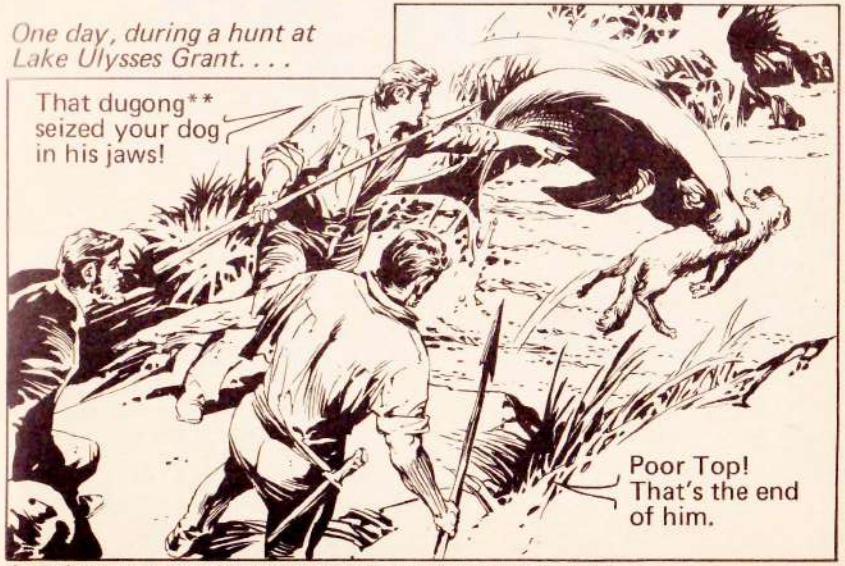
The engineer next called for a seal hunt. . . .

* Latitude is the distance north and south from the equator.
* Longitude is the distance east or west from Greenwich, England.

The answer came after the seals were skinned. . . .

From the iron came many hand-made tools. . . .

One day, during a hunt at Lake Ulysses Grant. . . .



* an instrument that draws in air and expels the air through a tube
** a sea elephant

But surprisingly. . . .

Look, Captain! Top was somehow flung out of the water, safe and sound!

Amazing! Another part of the mystery of this island.

Something killed the dugong too. We'll drag it home for food.

Is some unknown power helping us when we have trouble?

Exploring the lake's edge. . . .

The lake water pours into this hole and travels into the sea. If we lower the water level of the lake three feet, we'll find a big cave system.

Captain Harding outlined another scientific job. . . .

Iron pyrites. . .fat from the dugong . . .lime. . .soda ash from seaweeds. Heated together they'll make sulfuric acid. That plus saltpeter* will make szotic or nitric acid. Get busy.

* a chemical

Days later. . . .

Stand back! Mixing nitric acid and glycerine from dugong fat produces nitroglycerine, a powerful explosive.

Back at the lake but at the other end. . . .

Now to place the nitroglycerine in that hollow you dug out, Pencroft. Then I'll attach a fuse.

It worked! The explosion blasted the rock wide open.

The water will drain down to the beach now and lower the lake's level three feet.

Then, where the water used to flow out of the small hole. . . .
That hole is high and dry now. And we can chop our way into a large cave system.
After exploring a mile through winding passages. . . .
Look, master! A giant room of rock.
Good! We'll make our new home here, safe from storms, cold weather, and wild animals.
At one side. . . .
A deep pit like a well! And Top is all excited.
Hmm! I can't see bottom but I hear water lapping below. I wonder if this is a clue to our big mystery?
Before the marooned men moved in. . . .
Luckily that wall is thin. Chop out five windows and a door that will let us enter easily.

Rope ladders of tough vines were made and soon. . . .
We can climb straight up to our doorway.
Won't take long to move all our goods into our new home.
Inside. . . .
These brick walls will divide the cave into rooms.
It'll be like a real home!
Lighting was needed. . . and Captain Harding again came through.
Sulfuric acid. . .seal fat . . .lime. . .boiled together to produce wax. . .and we have candles.
After settling comfortably with home-made furniture. . . .
A haircut, Neb, my friend! I sure need it.
One day, an important find. . . .
Look, men! ! found a grain of corn caught in my clothes. We can start a garden.

In rich soil near Granite House. . . .

If that grain of corn grows, we will have a cornfield in time.

And then we'll make corn-bread!

After the men built something else under the captain's orders. . . .

That cart we made is handy. We found coal, and we can carry it to our home.

And soon, in their comfortable Granite House. . . .

Thank heaven for that iron stove Harding told us how to make. It's 13 degrees below zero outside. Brrrrrr!

Yet the date is July 4th! The summer months above the equator are the winter months down here in the southern hemisphere.

One day as they ate a wild pig, Pencroft gave a yelp and. . . .

Look what was in the meat!

A bullet? But we have no guns. And nobody else lives on this island. Is it part of our strange mystery again?

As the warmer weather came, Harding let the sailor build a canoe with help from the others.

It'll be done in five days.

And the sixth day. . . .

It's time we explored more of the island's shore.

Hours later, they came on a surprise.

What's that?

A seaman's chest, kept afloat by two empty barrels. Was there a shipwreck here?

But there was no sunken ship in sight and soon. . . .

Pull the chest back to Granite House and we'll see what's in it.

It was like a treasure to the marooned men.

Tools, books, clothes, guns, pots and pans, telescope, and even photographic supplies. It will all make life much easier for us.

But they still had to find food themselves, and one day. . . .

A growth of bamboo. Useful for building things. Also, the young, tender shoots can be eaten.

Ah me, will we ever find tobacco plants on this darn island? I'm dying for a smoke.

Suddenly, a huge killer beast sprang at Herbert. . . .

Oh! A jaguar!

And we can't shoot in time!

But a shot did ring out. . . .

Luckily I was just returning from a short walk. Got him! That beast's skin will make a fine rug.

During another hunt for game. . . .

The dog found a piece of rag. Is there somebody else shipwrecked nearby?

Top will lead us to where he found the cloth.

Another surprise. . . .

It's our own "shipwreck"—our balloon! What a find! We can use the strong cloth of the gasbag to make new clothes.

After all hands dragged it free and carried it to the shore. . . .

Whew! That was hard work. But we have got it stored away safely, until we can carry it to our home.

Upon their return another surprise. . . .

Our lower rope ladder was pulled up! How can we climb up? And who did it?

Herbert shot an arrow and. . . .

Now we can pull the ladder down. . .oh, no! An arm reached out to pull the ladder into the doorway! It's an ape's hairy arm!

The unhappy men could not enter their home, but suddenly. . . .

Aha! Something inside scared those apes, and they're running away.

While the men were too excited to notice, a strange thing happened. . . .

Hallo! The lower ladder just came down. How did it happen?

Soon, inside their rock-walled home. . . .

Those hairy devils half wrecked the place.

One of them was still hiding—got him!

Don't harm him. Orangutans* can become good servants. I'll train him. He should have a name—how about Jupiter? Or Jup for short.

In the next week, Captain Harding started off another big job. . . .

This plateau** can be a good ranch for tame animals. Cliffs and ditches cut it off on all sides, but we need a bridge for ourselves to cross the Mercy River.

* a large ape-like animal
** high level land

When finished. . . .

It's a drawbridge. When we're away, we'll keep the bridge apart so no big killer beasts will prey on our animals.

As time went on, they first captured and tamed large birds for their poultry yard.

We'll trap and tame the animals next.

To their surprise, the first animals came by themselves. . . .

Onagers! They're like zebras and are easy to tame. What luck!

After Herbert tamed and trained the peaceful animals. . . .

Giddap! We'll soon have that wrecked balloon in Granite House.

The heavy cotton cloth proved a blessing. . . .

We can all wear new, clean clothes now. And fresh bed-sheets for sleeping. We're getting real civilized, eh?

They even had a servant now. . . .

In India, they often train orangutans to wait on the table. They're quite intelligent. More soup, Jup!

Round-up time came for their corral. . . .

Goats, deer, wild pigs, sheep—a good catch. They will give us plenty of meat, hides, and wool.

Their garden was also growing well with many crops. . . .

Potatoes, lettuce, turnips, radishes, and other greens.

And all from those seeds we found in that floating chest. We'll eat very well.

No more climbing those rope ladders!

. . . .and also another useful material.

Good work, lad! You're getting to be an expert glass blower.

Captain Harding's genius next gave them a machine to raise a lift up to their home. . . .

All the men admired Captain Harding, Jack Pencroft the most.
The Captain just mixed chemicals under heat and presto—we have glass! By glory, there isn't any miracle he can't do. He gave us fire, bricks, iron, explosives, and all the rest!
One day, Captain Harding announced something exciting.
I just remembered. There is another island about 150 miles to the northeast, Tabor Island. We could visit it if we had a boat bigger than our canoe, like a regular sailship.
TABOR ISLAND
150 MILES
And work was begun with Harding's plans and Pencroft's boat-making skill.
How long will it take, Pencroft?
A couple of months, Captain, if I keep the crew working hard.
Pencroft was rewarded one day, when a hunting party returned. . . .
We found wild tobacco plants. You can smoke all you want.
Heaven be praised! This makes living worthwhile.

One day when the others were all away from Granite House, Captain Harding used the old rope ladders and. . . .
Top and Jup are often excited about this well. I wonder if the answer to the mysteries of this island lie down here?
At the bottom. . . .
No sign of anybody. . . or anything . . .down here. But I still think something came up this well and scared those apes away.
In August, during the winter when a window was opened for air. . . .
Loud sounds from the poultry yard! Like wild beasts attacking our tame birds. Did someone leave the bridge closed?
I-I did, Captain! A stupid mistake.
Soon, they were all at the poultry grounds, fighting wild beasts.
Foxes after our birds! Jaguars too. Drive them away!

After the killer beasts were driven off. . . .

Anybody hurt?

Only poor Jup, Captain! He fought as hard as any of us did. We'll take him home and nurse him back to health.

When spring—in October—came again, their ship was finished.

The Bonadventure did well on this trial trip, Captain. She's ready to sail for Tabor Island.

But Captain Harding was worried. . . .

Tabor is nothing but a small, lifeless island. Why should we risk our lives to visit it? Not a soul could live there.

But Captain. . .oh, what's the use? You keep saying no.

Suddenly, something was seen in the water, and. . . .

A sealed bottle floating by! And there's a message inside.

Castaway Tabor I. 150° Longitude 37° Latitude

Hmm! Looks like you'll get your wish and sail to Tabor Island after all, Pencroft! A shipwrecked man is there.

Captain Harding and Neb stayed behind, while Jack Pencroft, Herbert Brown, and Gideon Spilett sailed for Tabor Island.

Farewell and good luck!

Our first separation in fifteen months! But they should return in one week. . . if all goes well.

About forty-eight hours later. . . .

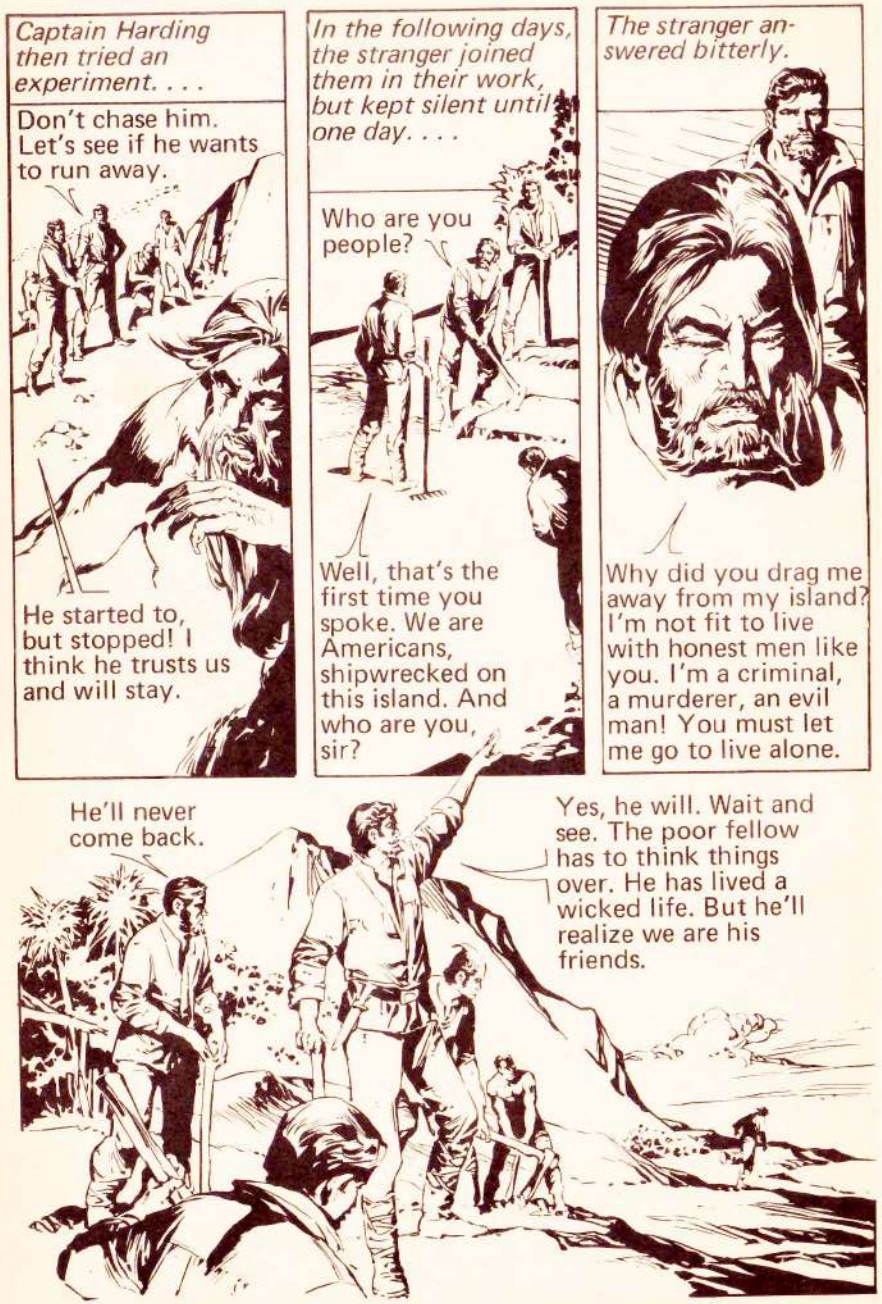
Land ahoy! From a distance, Tabor Island looked like no more than six miles long.

Now to find that survivor.

They came first upon signs that someone lived there.

A garden! We can take some vegetables along for their seeds!

And look—tame pigs, big fat ones. We ought to catch a few.


Captain Harding then tried an experiment. . . .
Don't chase him. Let's see if he wants to run away.
He started to, but stopped! I think he trusts us and will stay.
In the following days, the stranger joined them in their work, but kept silent until one day. . . .
Who are you people?
Well, that's the first time you spoke. We are Americans, shipwrecked on this island. And who are you, sir?
The stranger answered bitterly.
Why did you drag me away from my island? I'm not fit to live with honest men like you. I'm a criminal, a murderer, an evil man! You must let me go to live alone.
He'll never come back.
Yes, he will. Wait and see. The poor fellow has to think things over. He has lived a wicked life. But he'll realize we are his friends.

Another amazing machine was built by the men under the clever engineer's directions.
Our windmill will grind up flour for us.
Here's our first flour for baking bread!
Ah, bread! The staff of life! I missed it almost as much as smoking my pipe.
As the men worked at the corral one day, danger arose. . . .
Help!
Another jaguar attacking Herbert!

But another figure appeared, and . . . .

The stranger. He saved my life!

You are wounded. Stay and we'll take care of you.

I'll stay, but not in your home. Let me live alone here at the corral. I'll guard your stock from harm.

Time passed. Then, one night, the stranger came to Granite House.

Back in 1854, the steam-yacht "Duncan" sailed to Australia with Lord Glenvaran of Scotland. I had been left there by a shipwreck and planned to get hold of his ship, to use it for piracy. . . .

Gentlemen, it is time to tell my story. My name is Ayrton.

A terrible tale unfolded of killing and piracy on the high sea, all planned by Ayrton, until finally he was caught and left on Tabor Island. . . .

We are marooning you here, Ayrton, for your many crimes. You have supplies to live. You will stay here till you die, all alone. Farewell, wicked man!

That was twelve years ago. I built a hut, but after years of terrible loneliness, I went mad! That's the way you found me.

What you did in the past is done with. We have nothing against you. Live with us, Ayrton.

No, Captain Harding. Not yet. Let me stay alone at the corral for a while.

Harding asked one more question and oddly. . . .

But I never put any message in a bottle!

What? But who did for him? Hmm . . .it's another part of the strange mystery about this island. . .and even Tabor Island!

The captain's next idea really surprised the men.

I made the chemicals to run this battery and produce electricity. Now we can string iron wires to the corral's hut and send messages back and forth with Ayrton.

Our own telegraph system! Wonderful, Captain!

When all was ready for the first test. . . .

A-r-e y-o-u t-h-e-r-e A-y-r-t-o-n?

Y-e-s C-a-p-t-a-i-n!

The photography set found in the shipwrecked chest was finally used too.

I'll snap a few views of our island.

But they all thought the next picture was the best. . . .

Ayrton took this for us. Our whole group of survivors. Jup looks funny!

But the puzzling riddle about the island kept building up. . . .

Why, we've forgotten to thank you and Neb, Captain, for lighting that fire that guided the Bonadventure to shore that night.

We didn't light any fire! Somebody else did. . . but who?

And finally, Harding talked it over with the others.

How was I saved from drowning that first week, and placed safely ashore? What flung Top out of the water and killed the dugong? How did a bullet get into the wild pig we ate?

Where did that "shipwrecked" chest full of goods come from so nicely? Who chased those apes out of Granite House and tossed down our rope ladder? How could we find a message in a bottle from Tabor Island that Ayrton never wrote?

Lastly, who made that fire that guided the Bonadventure to safe harbor? All of these strange events point to some mysterious person who helped us all along! Who is he and where is he?

Nobody had the answers. Some days later, as Harding used the chest's telescope to scan the sea. . . .

A sailing ship coming here! Is it the "Duncan?" If they found Ayrton missing from Tabor Island, they would look here.

When Ayrton was called. . . .

No, Captain. It isn't the Duncan. And it carries a black flag!

Then it's a pirate ship!

And before long. . . .

They fired a cannonball at us. They must have seen us with their telescope.

Night is coming. I'll swim out to the ship and see how many pirates are aboard.

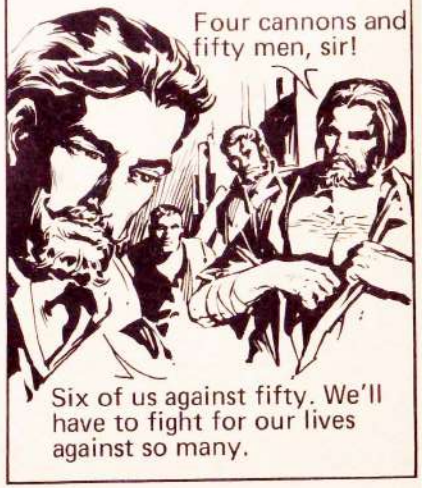
Later, after dark. . . .

I'll creep up on deck. The pirates must be alseep.

Ayrton was suddenly surprised. . . .

Ayrton fled and shot his way to the deck. . . .

When the brave man reported the bad news to his friends. . . .

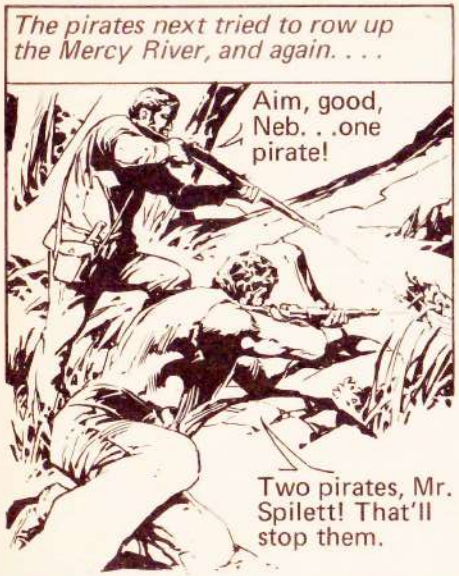


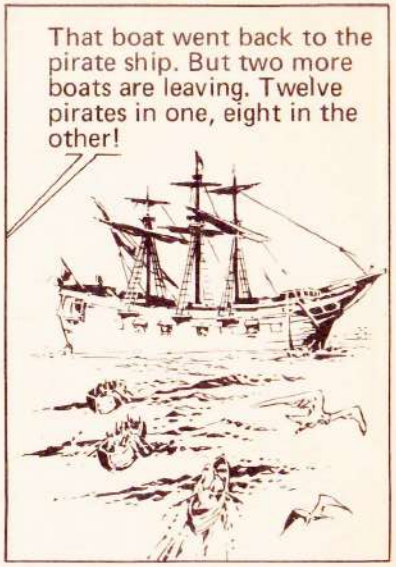
Swiftly, Captain Harding formed a plan for his men.

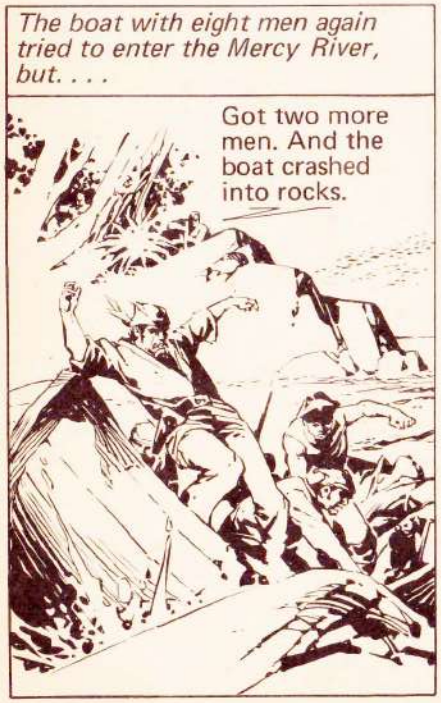
Spilett and Neb, you guard the Mercy River. Ayrton and Pencroft will guard the small island nearest the ship. Herbert and I will be in hiding among the rocks here. By morning they'll attack.

On the tiny island, Ayrton and Pencroft saw action first.

A cannonball boomed.


The pirates next tried to row up the Mercy River, and again. . . .
Aim, good, Neb. . .one pirate!
Two pirates, Mr. Spilett! That'll stop them.


That boat went back to the pirate ship. But two more boats are leaving. Twelve pirates in one, eight in the other!


The boat with eight men again tried to enter the Mercy River, but. . . .
Got two more men. And the boat crashed into rocks.

The other six pirates are walking up the river. Don't waste a shot, Neb. The range is too long. We can hunt them down later.

Meanwhile, as the other boat reached the island, and the pirates jumped ashore. . . .
Ready, Aryton? Fire!
Yipes! Have they got an army here? Back to the ship. . .hurry!

But now, the angry pirate captain tried a new trick.
Look! They raised the anchor. The ship is drifting close to us. They're going to bomb us with their cannon!

The men ran for the shelter of Granite House, but a moment later. . . .
Good heavens! A lucky hit smashed our door down. Now the pirates can come up here and trap us!

A strange miracle suddenly took place.

Ahh! We're all done for!

I can't believe my eyes! A powerful water-spout lifted the ship up into the air like a toy! It's splitting apart!

The strange mystery of the island again puzzled Captain Harding.

But what could blow up such a big ship? Whoever is secretly guarding us from harm, on this island, has powerful weapons of some kind.

But thankful for being saved, the men were soon at work. . . .

We can gather many useful things from the wrecked ship.

We'll drag the mast and sails to shore. Good cloth.

Captain Harding made an exciting find.

This steel tube shows how the pirate ship was blown up—by a torpedo! It means that some person with scientific powers is hidden on this island, aiding us.

We must find him and solve the mystery!

But first, for their protection. . . .

Our lift will bring up the ship's four cannons.

The powerful weapons were test fired. . . .

Now let any pirate ship try to land on our island!

One problem was left. . . .

Master, don't forget about those six pirates who escaped at the Mercy River. Should we hunt them down?

Why attack them unless they attack us first?

In November, when the daily telegraph message to the corral was not answered for the first time. . . .

We left Neb behind in Granite House. Come on, to the corral. Why didn't Ayrton answer?

Here's the answer, Captain. Somebody pulled up this post and broke the wires.

It must be those pirates! Watch for them.

Suddenly, at the corral gate, a shot came from the pirates' hiding spot. . . .

Ohh!

Herbert was shot! Get him inside the hut. . .hurry!

But Captain Harding first rushed to where the shot came from, and. . . .

You killers! I'll get one of you, even if the other one escapes.

In the hut. . . .

He was struck in the ribs. Luckily the bullet missed any bones and went on through, but it's a bad wound.

We'll have to stay here and nurse him. I hope we can save his life. As for Ayrton, the pirates must have killed him. Poor fellow!

After a day and a night. . . .

Herbert has a high fever. His life is hanging by a thread. Only strong medicine can save him, like quinine of sulphate . . .which we haven't got.

But the next morning, lying on the table. . . .

QUININE OF SULPHATE

Great heavens! The medicine we need left here by our unknown friend! This will stop poor Herbert's fever!

Meanwhile, Jup the orangutan arrived from Granite House.

Neb must have sent him. A message is tied around his neck in a bag.

FRIDAY 6:00 A.M. OUR PLATEAU INVADED BY PIRATES... NEB

Those black-hearted men can wreck things here. Herbert is well enough now to travel. Let's go, men!

But they were too late.

The pirates are gone. They burned down the poultry pens. All ruined!

At least you're safe, Neb.

A difficult hunt was carried on for the following weeks, without success.

No sign of the pirates. Wait . . .a light in the corral hut! But we left it dark.

Inside. . . .

Ayrton! We thought the pirates had killed you.

I escaped from them. But they will kill you all unless you hunt them down.

Soon after, Top came barking and led the party to where. . . .

The five pirates . . .dead! What killed them? Not a mark of how they died.

Our wonderful friend did it, of course! We must find him and thank him.

They began a long hunt all over the island. . . .

Nobody in this cave.

Onward! We must find our friend. The mystery is driving us crazy.

But they had no luck and returned to Granite House, where they had a party on March 25, 1868. . . .

To the third anniversary of our landing on Lincoln Island!

This thought made Captain Harding think hard about escaping from their island prison. . . .

Hard to believe we've been marooned here for three years.

We need a bigger ship than the Bonadventure to cross the ocean and reach America. How long to build a ship of 250-300 tons, Pencroft?

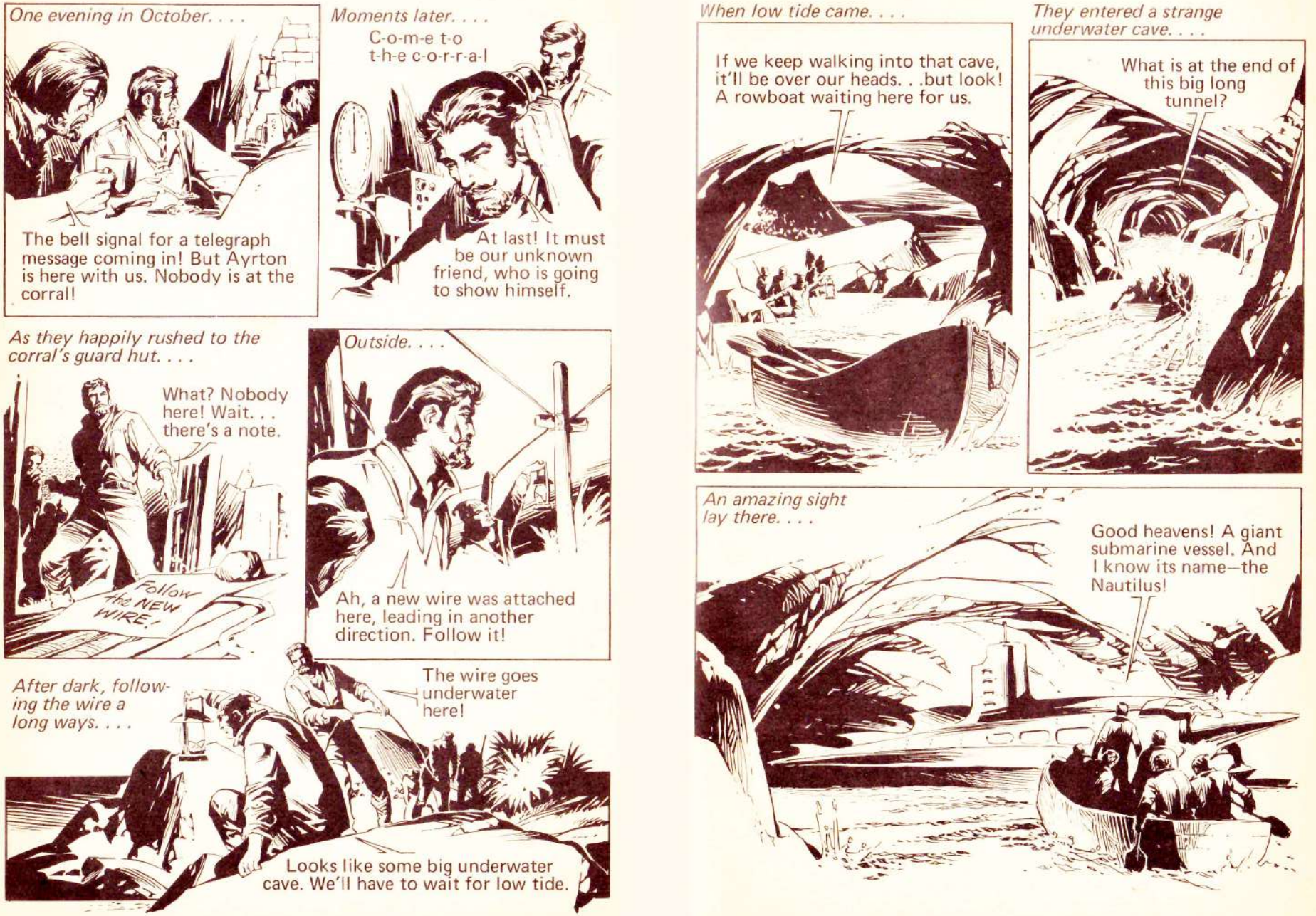
Oh, I'd say about seven or eight months, Captain. . .if we work real hard.

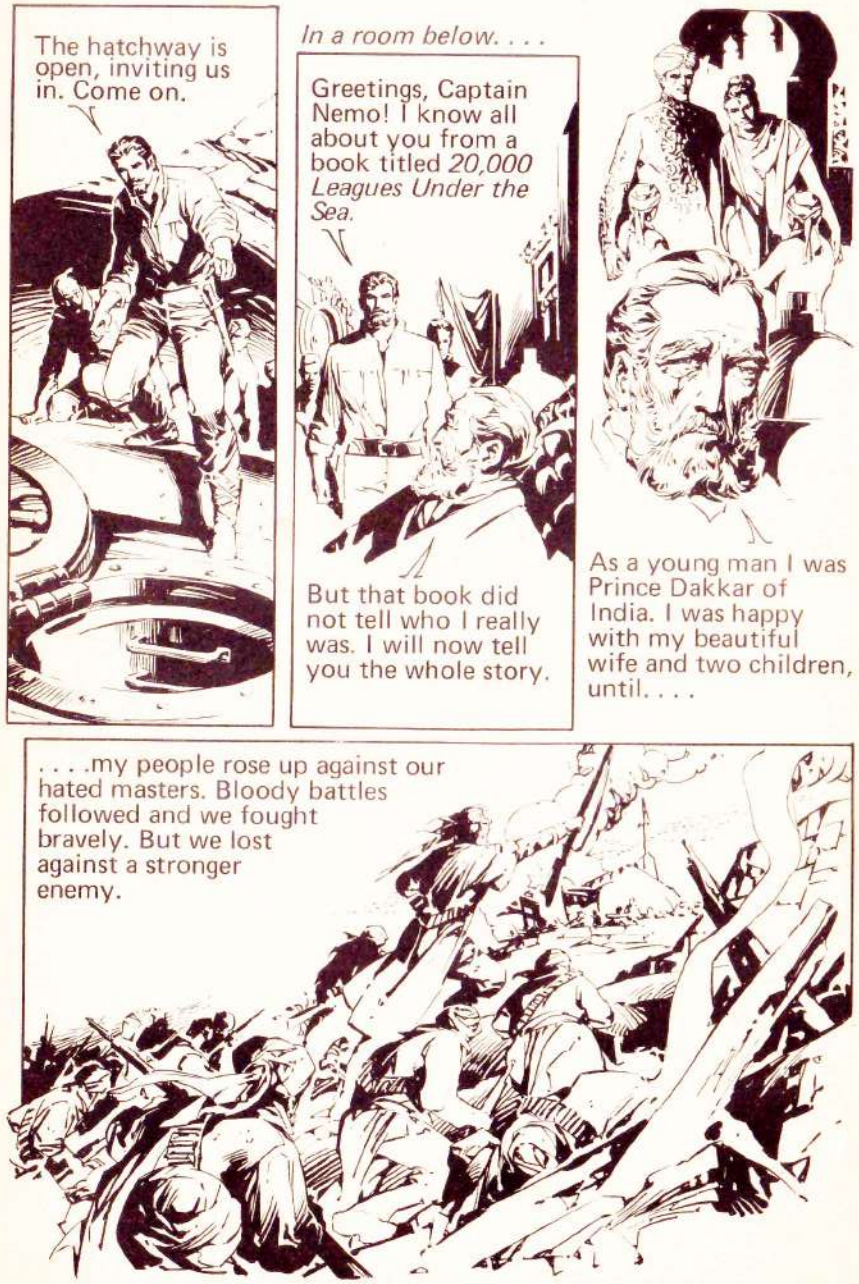
By May 25. . . .

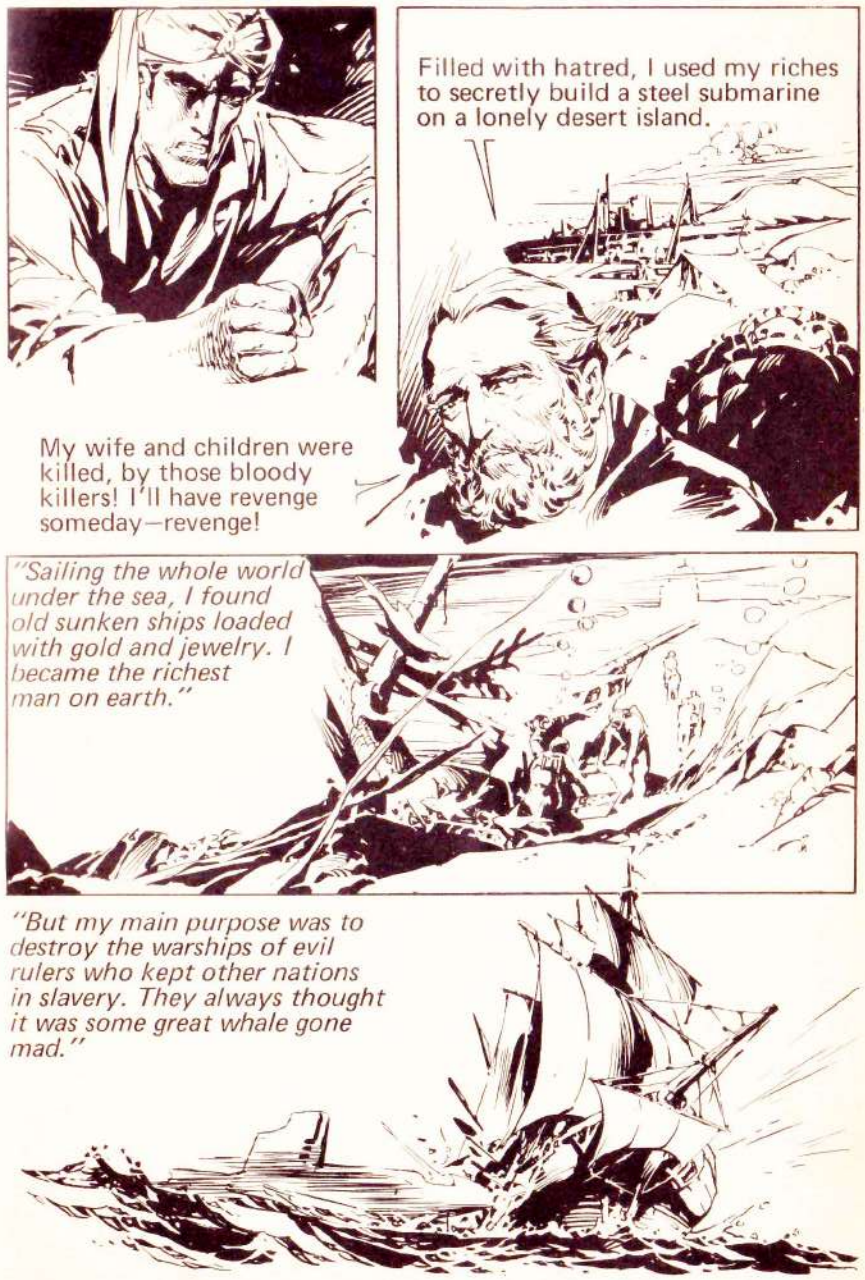
The keel and outer hull are almost done. We'll keep on working long hours.

Months later on September 7, something worried Captain Harding.

Smoke coming out of the volcano at the top of Mount Franklin! Maybe that dead volcano is coming to life after centuries. Bad, bad!


One evening in October. . . .
The bell signal for a telegraph message coming in! But Ayrton is here with us. Nobody is at the corral!
Moments later. . . .
C-o-m-e t-o t-h-e c-o-r-r-a-l
At last! It must be our unknown friend, who is going to show himself.
As they happily rushed to the corral's guard hut. . . .
What? Nobody here! Wait. . . there's a note.
Follow the NEW WIRE!
Outside. . . .
Ah, a new wire was attached here, leading in another direction. Follow it!
After dark, following the wire a long ways. . . .
The wire goes underwater here!
Looks like some big underwater cave. We'll have to wait for low tide.
When low tide came. . . .
If we keep walking into that cave, it'll be over our heads. . .but look! A rowboat waiting here for us.
They entered a strange underwater cave. . . .
What is at the end of this big long tunnel?
An amazing sight lay there. . . .
Good heavens! A giant submarine vessel. And I know its name—the Nautilus!


The hatchway is open, inviting us in. Come on.
In a room below. . . .
Greetings, Captain Nemo! I know all about you from a book titled 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea.
But that book did not tell who I really was. I will now tell you the whole story.
As a young man I was Prince Dakkar of India. I was happy with my beautiful wife and two children, until. . . .
. . . .my people rose up against our hated masters. Bloody battles followed and we fought bravely. But we lost against a stronger enemy.


Filled with hatred, I used my riches to secretly build a steel submarine on a lonely desert island.
My wife and children were killed, by those bloody killers! I'll have revenge someday—revenge!
"Sailing the whole world under the sea, I found old sunken ships loaded with gold and jewelry. I became the richest man on earth."
"But my main purpose was to destroy the warships of evil rulers who kept other nations in slavery. They always thought it was some great whale gone mad."

The exciting story ended. . . .

But now I am old. My faithful crew died off, one by one. Alone, I found this underwater cave to hide my sub in. When you men came to the island, I decided to help you without being seen.

Then it was you who saved me from drowning. Saved Top from the dugong. Drove the apes out of Granite House. . . and all the rest of it.

Yes. I was able to climb up that wall and secretly listen to all your plans. I kept watch over you all the time to save you from danger.

I shall die soon. But I want to leave you good men this chest.

A fortune in gold and jewels!

Next day, the great undersea adventurer died.

The last thing he said was for us to open all the water valves when we leave. Filled with water his sub will sink down deep.

Later, a sad happening. . . .

There it goes, sliding down to the ocean bottom to rest there forever. Farewell, Prince Dakkar—or Nemo!

As they went back to building their big ship. Harding became very worried. . . .

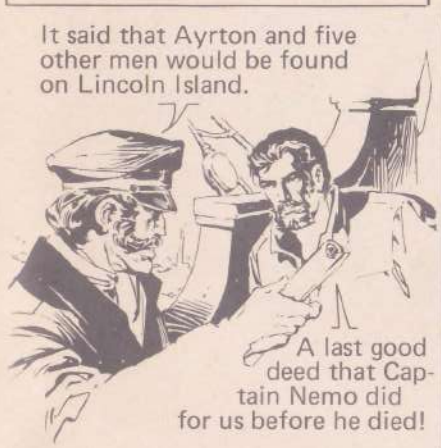
That volcano is alive, all right. It looks like a giant torch now. Can we finish our ship before it erupts?

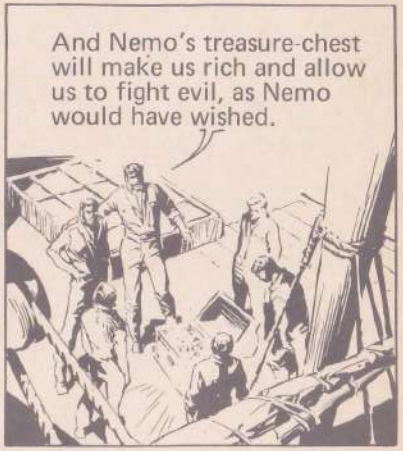
It won't be an ordinary eruption. Nemo's tunnel is under the island too. When melted lava meets water underground, high pressure steam will form and blow up the whole island!

We'll finish our ship in one week. Pray it's in time!

The men barely had time to swim away. . . .
That rock is our only hope to keep from drowning.
But our new ship is wrecked! How can we ever escape now and reach civilization?

We decided you had suffered enough in exile, Ayrton. We came to take you back. We found Tabor Island deserted but we found a document.


It said that Ayrton and five other men would be found on Lincoln Island.
A last good deed that Captain Nemo did for us before he died!



WORDS TO KNOW

corral	marooned	ruined
erupts	piracy	survivors
explore	poultry	

QUESTIONS

1. Why would the story have been entirely different if Captain Harding had died in the beginning?

2. What weapons destroyed the pirate ship?

3. What season of the year began in October on Lincoln Island? Why?

4. What war took place at the same time as this story?

5. What are some of the ideas Captain Harding had that made life easier for the men on the island?

6. What did Pencroft want to find on the island more than anything else?

7. Who was Captain Nemo?

8. Why did the men call their home Granite House?

9. How was Nemo able to know what the men were planning?